

Blood Host

Scar the Martyr

In the shade, darkened gaze, every color, it's dismay
Arid sky, it turns to grey, threshold of desertion.
Crimson shards, take their shape, to infect each passageway
Penetrate them into space, There is no survival

With every word you say, the spew that you create
and every smile you fake, you only want to suck me dry
With every breath I have, until there's nothing left
I'm gonna live until you suffocate and watch you die
(Contents Under Pressure)

Recreate, Purge the hate, internal thoughts manipulate
Null & void, it turns to waste, submission: a diversion
Stark & stale, it rots away, like the sickness it creates
Left hand path that leads the way, record all our transgressions

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You've dealt the damage done,
You make your living on the blood of another host
Or maybe not enough...
You're seeking refuge in the arms of another ghost
(Contents Under Pressure)

You're so predictable, a parasite of sorts
You build me up to bring me down
You'll never watch me fall, the boughs of flesh is all
You'll ever claim to take this time.

You suffer well, it serves you well
You'll burn in hell, and perish in the dust
DUST

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